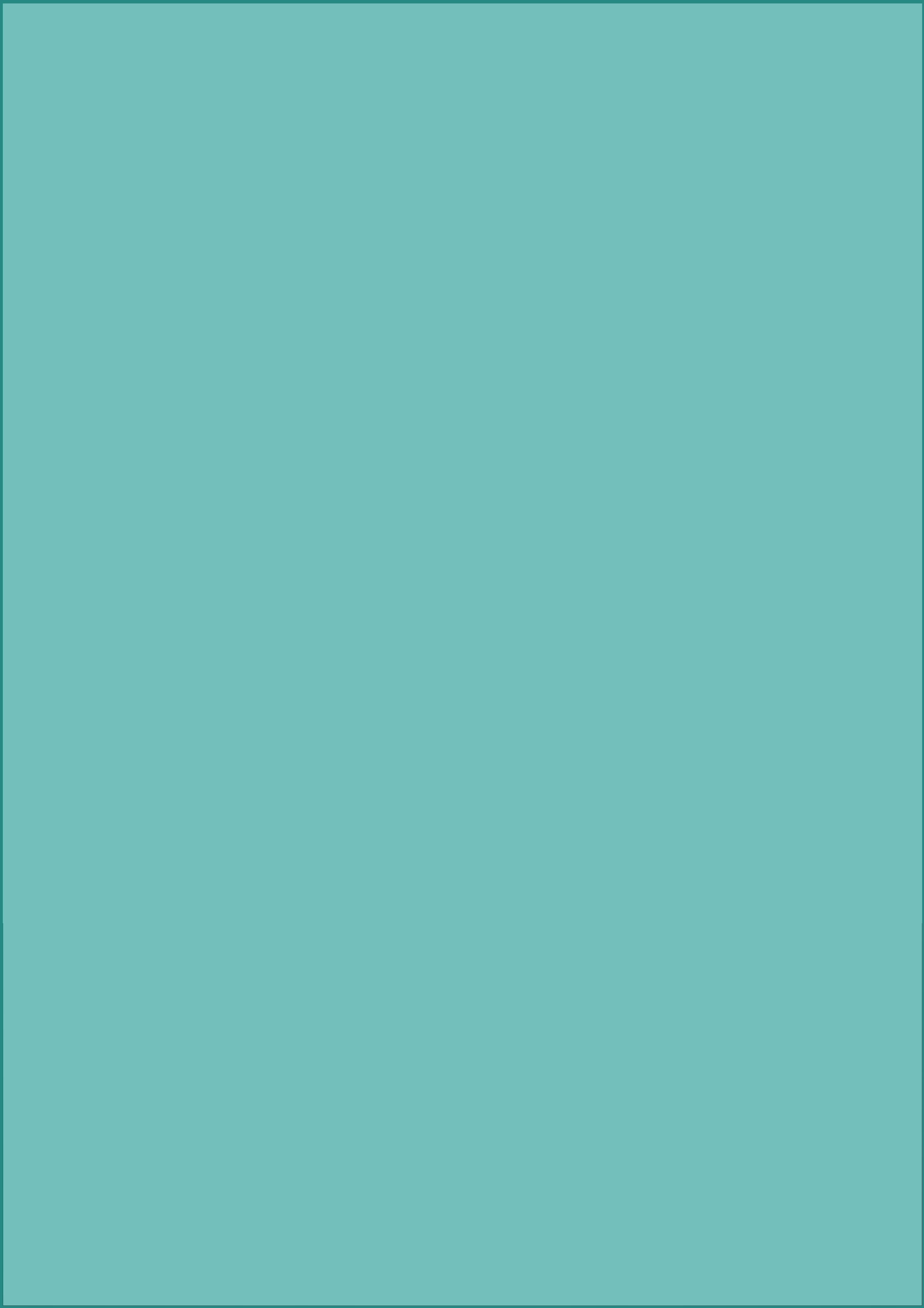


presenting...



TEREZINE
ATEREZIFANZINE



**To our girl,
Terezi Pyrope**

From the Moderators:



Mod "Dr." Nove

@yellownovello

Thanks for reading the zine! This was the first Zine I've modded in and the experience was amazing. Thank you to all the talented artists and writers, crochet makers and cosplayers and other mods who worked so hard to make this zine as great as it is - as well as showing the world how much TZ means to us >:]



"Mother" Mod Rae

@space-through-time

Howdy there! I hope y'all enjoy this zine! I know I enjoyed seeing everyone come together to appreciate and worship the goddess we call Terezi Pyrope. And thank you to the artists and writers who drew and wrote in this zine, without you guys this wouldn't have happened!



Mod "Just Rina, for the love of God" Rina @crystalrina

I hope anyone who's reading this has been enjoying Terezine so far! It has been a really nice experience for us rookie mods, we're glad everything went well. Massive kudos to everyone who joined us and worked hard for the release of the zine, we really really appreciate it <3



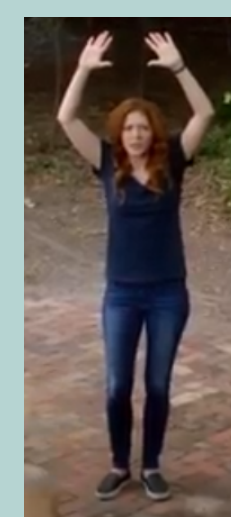
gone but not forgotten

i also like rats

a



i have spent actual days of my life editing this zine for some fictitious alien girl who might crush me like a pathetic bug if she were to (1) exist and (2) ever grant me the supreme honour of ever meeting my sodden, disgusting form in person. but thats just wishful thinking! enjoy the zine guys if you even can now



oh and i almost forgot:

I KNOW JUST ABOUT EVERY MOD HAS SAID THIS, BUT ON BEHALF OF ALL OF US, I'D LIKE TO GIVE AN OBSCENELY HUGE THANK YOU TO ALL OF THE AMAZINGLY TALENTED CREATORS WHO HAVE ALL COME TOGETHER TO SHARE THEIR LOVE OF TEREZI PYROPE WITH US! WITHOUT THEM, THIS ZINE WOULD BE VERY SHORT AND VERY, VERY BORING.

EACH PARTICIPANT'S SOCIAL MEDIA USERNAMES ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THEIR SUBMISSION. PLEASE GO AND SUPPORT THEM IF YOU ENJOY THEIR WORK!

Read 4:13pm

ha ha homestuck number funny





AM
9/19

astrophysiciann



[kiaisalwaysdoodling](#) / [kiaisdoodling](#)

IT IS NOW YOUR JOB TO

TRUST ME

AND

DO WHAT I SAY









peristeronicAvian
8.23.2019



homestead.tumblr

homestead



*I'll make this right
I promise*



Sweetest-of-lambs

1 OFT3N WOND3R HOW L1F3 WOULD
H4V3 BEEN DIFFERENT 1F 1 W4SNT
SO 3MOTION4LLY CONST1P4T3D



WOULD 1 B3
ST4ND1NG UND3R
TR33S



W1TH TH3
P3OPL3 1 LOV3?

IN 4 D1FF3R3NT STORY 1 COULD H4V3...



GON3 ON 4DV3NTUR3S



US3D 4 PL4SM4
SWORD



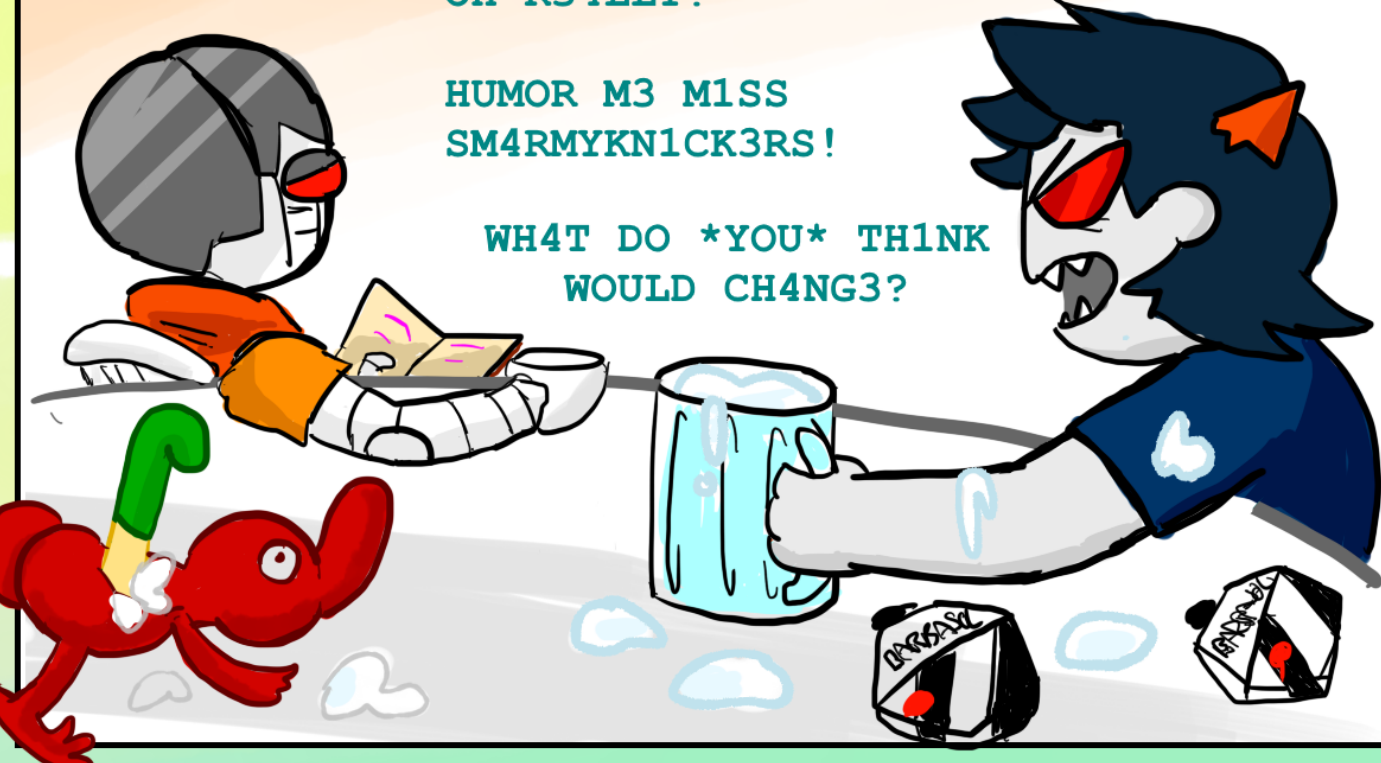
1 COULD H4V3
B33N 4 PL4SM4
SWORD--

You really shouldn't dwell on what could have
happened differently. It will not change the world
we live in.

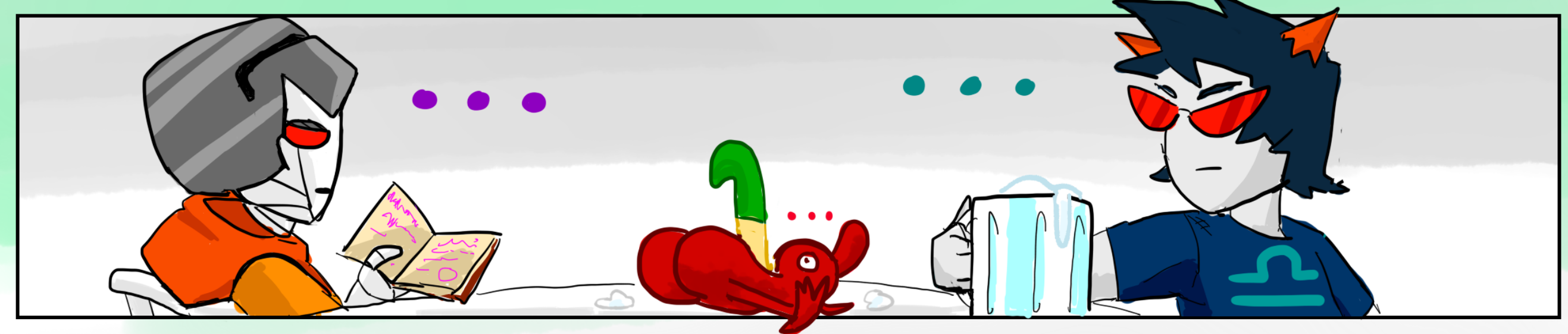
OH R34LLY?

HUMOR M3 M1SS
SM4RMYKN1CK3RS!

WH4T DO *YOU* THINK
WOULD CH4NG3?

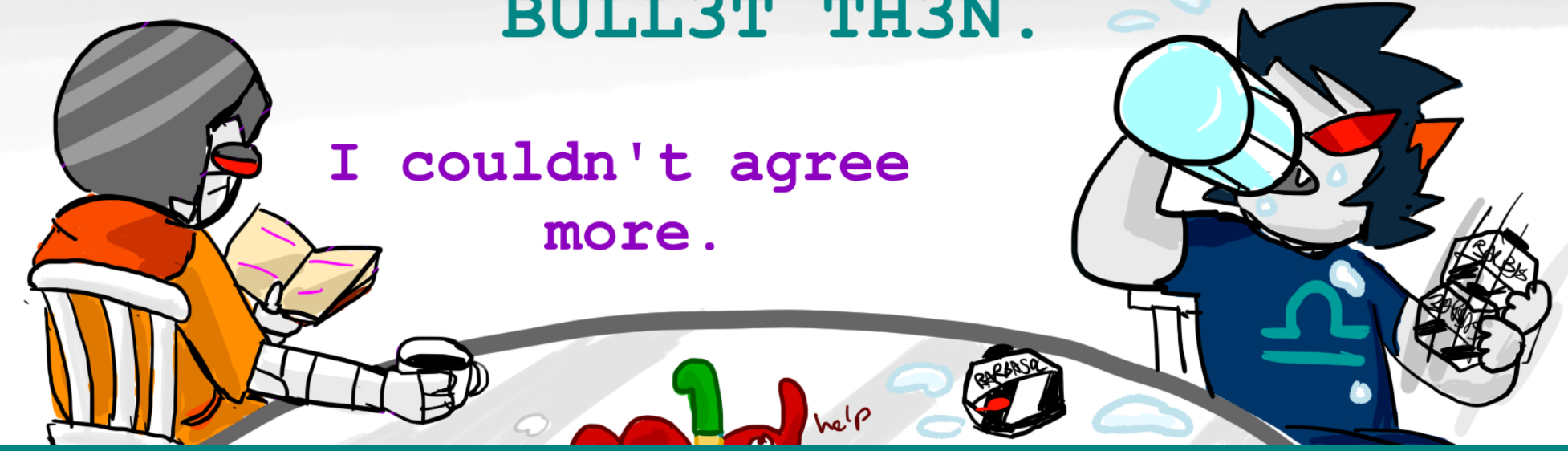


Well, if my insight is correct -
which it always is -then had
we both been less emotionally
constipated, our similar
circumstances and psyches
would have led to a...
much closer
relationship.



R34LLY DODG3D 4
BULL3T TH3N.

I couldn't agree
more.



END.









@gravitybun

Looking Back at Fifty Years

aspiringwatcher

"Do you want another cup, Terezi?"

"Sure," you reply, "the last one wouldn't hurt more than anything I've already drunk."

Sollux passes you a cup filled with reddish liquid. Cherry juice, red chalk, hibiscus tea and a few other components you never bother remembering or consistently adding.

"Fifty years. I never thought I'd stay a detective for that long."

You look at the walls. Newspaper articles, some framed - remainders of your past victories - all gone now, bundled into an album. A cork conspiracy board, now empty. Your license, slightly wrinkled from that one accident.

"Do you want to go through your past cases?"

"Sure, officer." Your inflection makes Sollux smirk. "Why not? I still have a lot of time."

You open the album. You barely can read the titles, even when the album is merely three inches from your face, but you don't even need to.

"PRECOCIOUS DETECTIVE TRACKS DOWN A THIEF COUPLE"

"Your first case, huh? Weren't you sixteen?"

You nod. "I remember how I confronted Vriska and Nepeta over that. I knew Vriska's mom was a bad person, but I didn't expect her to actually suggest that Vriska should follow in her footsteps. And I didn't expect her to drag Nepeta into this. They only got out scot free due to a technicality, but-" You shake your head. "-I wish I didn't do that. Didn't drive a wedge between us two."

"It wasn't your fault." Sollux flips the album to a later page.

"DETECTIVE SAVES A COMMUNITY LEADER'S LIFE"

You barely deduced who was sending the death threats in time. The offender - with a handgun in his trenchcoat - was picked up by your more entitled colleagues literally from Karkat's doorstep. "Oh, look. What a meet

cute."

"Shut up." You prod Sollux's leg with your cane, and he grunts. "Sure, Karkat did invite me to a brunch after that, but -"

"And then you stayed together for several years before breaking up over tea cups. Before hooking up again. And breaking up again. I even stopped paying attention whenever you're still together. Are you, by the way?"

You make your best impression of "Do I look like I know?" and flip a few pages.

"TEN YEARS OF INVESTIGATION: AN INTERVIEW WITH TEREZI PYROPE ON SLEUTHING AND SUCCESS"

Most detectives' service isn't recognized in such manner. Then again, most detectives don't manage to bust crime networks older than the local police station.

"So Meenah Peixes wasn't a simple baker."

"Of course she wasn't. Her family is one of the richest in the county. Why would someone that rich willingly operate a simple run-of-the-mill bakery? She didn't even have coffee to go with her pastries!"

"I didn't know you drink coffee. This concoction is the only beverage I've seen you drink."

"Karkat and Kanaya do, though, and it's a matter of principle." You flip the page.

"THE MYSTERY OF LARVAL TOWER: RISE OF THE SPINNERET"

"PUPATION PREDICAMENT: THE NEMESSES MEET AGAIN"

"REDGLARE AND THE IMAGE OF TOMORROW: SPINNERET'S LAST DANCE"

Aranea "Spinneret" Serket. The greatest challenge you have ever encountered, who left behind broken hearts, emptied coffers and dead bodies.

You never confronted her directly until the very end - she was always one step in front of you. Teasing, toying, leaving hints to follow and red herrings to stumble into, in a mocking gesture with which a cat almost allows a mouse to escape.

Most detectives walked away from Spinneret's case battered, some maimed by her traps, all reluctant to continue the pursuit. You almost lost one of your barely functional eyes - and since then, most of your work was

done from your office.

And once you tracked her down and publically revealed that you knew where she was hiding, you received an unsigned letter: "Come, Redglare. Do your worst."

"You never told me what happened that night, by the way." Sollux's inquiry softly cuts into your reminiscing. He's writing a message to someone - probably an intern concerned with the tech. "We talked."

"Looks like someone finally got to the net's heart."

You rest your arm on your cane.

"Where are you, Spinneret? You're cornered. Not getting out. Show yourself, at last."

Something moves in the shadows. You make out a blur of blue - most likely, Aranea Serket herself. "It was foolish of you to come here, Redglare. You're alone, and vulnerable, just like a fly's pupa."

"Did you invite me into your hideout to drop threats, Serket?"

"I just want to talk. Why don't you tell me why are you still on this case? You came so close to death many times over the course of our rivalry. Wouldn't it be wise of you to stop?"

"I never quit."

She laughs; a chill runs down your spine as you make another step forward and barely dodge a flying mass of seemingly sticky substance, which breaks the window to your left. Six seconds later, it explodes right as it touches the water outside.

"I see. I would kill you here and now, but-"

"But what?"

"-but it wouldn't be fitting. I don't want to break any illusions; I've lost to you. Truly, your genius is superior to mine."

You do not react, casually avoiding a small inconspicuously placed bear trap on the floor as you approach.

"But I am done with this. I wanted immortality. And you can give it to me, though not in a way I would prefer."

"You-" She steps out of the shadow. Old and wizened by the trials of time, but still just as dangerous as you saw her back when you were but a child. "Miss Pyrope," she purrs, "Redglare. Would you like to join my side? I could use one more heir. More people to follow in my footsteps. More people to spread my legacy."

You unsheathe your cane in response, revealing a long, thin blade.

"No."

She smiles. You notice two unnaturally sharp canines.

"Very well, friend."

You frown as she takes a step forward, looking into your eyes.

"In this case, I'll see you again, soon."

She darts to the window, and in a second, she is gone. The next day, you receive a message from Vriska: "It's my turn."

"SPINNERET'S HEIRESS REVEALS HERSELF, ROBS A LOCAL BANK"

"VRISKA SERKET: REDGLARE'S NEW RIVAL?"

You flip a few more pages and reach the last article.

"DARK CARNIVAL: FAMOUS DETECTIVE INCAPACITATED"

"Fucking clowns." You give Sollux an unnerved nod and turn the page back to avoid memories of what happened in the circus tent.

"FORGING AHEAD: PYROPE'S STUDENTS CRACK THEIR FIRST CASE"

"I raised them well. Best students I could hope for. I wish they had a greater appreciation for my Scarlet Special, though."

"You're the only person who can stomach that drink, Terezi."

You snap the album closed and stand up, reaching for your multifunctional cane.

"Do you think they're going to do well?"

"Of course. You wouldn't pick them as your students otherwise, would you?"

You snort and tap the light switch. The room is plunged into sunset's amber light.

"Let's hurry. The mountain-sized red velvet cake Karkat and Kanaya commissioned for your jubilee is going to spoil if you sit in your armchair any longer."

"What cake? Th-"

"Forget I said anything I wasn't supposed to say." Sollux offers you his wrinkled, gloved hand.

"Come on. Everyone's waiting for your appearance."

End.



pookiethelbloodsucker / pookythevampire



DANICALZONE

Danicalzone



h4ll3luj4h

h4ll3luj4h





GC: UH... WOW

GC: I WASN'T REALLY
EXPECTING TO TELL YOU
ALL THAT

GC: I JUST WANTED TO
CATCH YOU BEFORE YOU
GO OFF TO BATTLE, AND
WISH YOU "LUCK" >:]

GC: AND LET YOU KNOW
HOW IMPORTANT YOU'VE
BEEN TO ME, IN A WAY
THAT WASN'T LIKE

GC: CLOUD BY OUR
USUAL TRASH TALK AND
MIND GAMES

GC: I GUESS THIS IS
WHAT YOU GET FOR
IGNORING ME FOR TWO
SECONDS

GC: A LITTLE TOO MUCH
REALITY FROM AN IDIOT
WHO'S MORE MISSED UP
INSIDE THAN SHE EVER
LET'S ON

GC: UM

GC: ANYWAY

GC: LET'S, SURE

Weekend at Karkat's

aspiringwatcher

"Where are you going?"

"You'll see," you grin as you cross the street and turn another corner.

"We're approaching Karkat's tower." Kanaya notes.

"Correct." You look up, to the open window at the tower's top.

"Karkat is probably sleeping inside. Do you think he'll like it if we pay him a visit?"

"I think he's too asleep to care."

You jump and fly to the window. As expected, Karkat is asleep. The bedroom was immaculate a few weeks ago, but now the only part not touched by your sketches is the bed and its nubby-horned occupant.

"He's asleep."

"I told you."

"But I want to show him Prospit." You dive in.

"I don't think he'll wake up just because you want to show him Prospit."

"I'm going to do it anyway."

"This is a horrible idea."

"I know that," you answer as you climb back through the window, accidentally bumping your trophy's head against the window arch. For a second you wonder if this could wake him up.

"Now, I - I think I want to pay a visit to the Queen. You wanted to introduce her to me, right?" Kanaya doesn't respond. She pushes herself out of the bedroom and tugs on Karkat's left arm, pulling it to her left shoulder and hugging him with her right arm.

"We should land. The court values etiquette; and flying through the window is in no way in accordance with the Queen's wishes."

"Your Majesty," you grin, "The Knight is now awake. We decided to accompany him to your palace." The White Queen's expression is impossible to read. The Royal Guards are in awe; Kanaya, on the other hand, is struggling to resist bursting into laughter.

"I see. Can the Knight express proper courtesy and greet me?" "We are terribly sorry." Kanaya's voice is more collected than you expected it to be.

"He is a little shy and unused to walking Prospit's streets, so it would be a

good idea to allow us to speak in his stead."

She nods. "And what does he have to say?"

Kanaya leans to Karkat's mouth and listens in on the calm breathing of the sleeping dreamself.

"He is speechless. He couldn't even dream of meeting Your Majesty and is awestruck by the castle's opulence." The Queen smiles with the smile of a person who knows they're being fooled but plays along with the joke.

"Very well," she concludes. "Knight, if you ever need my wisdom, feel free to visit my castle at any time." As you leave the palace, Kanaya turns to you.

"Terezi, I don't think we should try doing that again?"

"Why?"

"I don't think I'll keep my temper the next time," she shrugs, "and I don't want to startle the Royal Guards by laughing out loud. They are in no way used to that."

"No."

"No?"

"I'm not serving you scoundrels again! First the Bard proceeds to ruin my cake, next the Thief empties my store's cash register "just because she can", then you claim that licking a cake won't ruin it at all, and now you've brought two of your friends here! I knew I should have volunteered to join the Army of Light when I could, but if I am stuck being a cafe owner, I'm going to do my best and I won't let you ruin it just because you're the heroes of Prospit! Especially given how you collaborate with these heroes of Derse!"

You roll your eyes. Not that anyone can see it with your eyeballs reduced to monochrome red. Kanaya looks at you.

"Is he always so grouchy?"

"I don't know, Kanaya, you're the one who spent half of her life on Prospit! Maybe he's more friendly on some occasions?"

She shrugs. "I have never been to this street and this cafe in particular."

"Excuse me," she addresses the carapacian, "if the Queen-"

"I don't want to hear anything about the Queen! Queen this, Queen th-"

"SILENCE!" The shop owner twitches uncomfortably.

"What? What was that?"

"IT IS ME, THE PROSPIT'S KNIGHT, YOU UNGRATEFUL WASTE OF WHITE CARAPACE PLATING! MY TWO FRIENDS AND I WANT TO HAVE ONE OF YOUR CAKES, AND I EXPECT YOU TO FULFILL YOUR DUTY TO THE PROSPIT ROYALTY, AND US IN PARTICULAR, BY OFFERING US A TABLE BEFORE YOU ARE REPLACED BY A IMP TRAINED TO WASH ITS

HANDS BEFORE TOUCHING FOOD AND NOT SPEW SUCH BULLSHIT OUT OF ITS IGNORANCE TUNNEL."

Of-of course, your highness," the carapacian responds before nodding and disappearing into the employee's room.

"Did he wake Karkat up?"

"Did I do well?" you wink at Kanaya.

"Not bad", Kanaya chuckles, "but you could use some work."

"I'm telling you, cherry cake was better."

"I didn't like it. The lime one was good, though."

"Hey, Karkat, do you think the cherry cake was better?" you ask, tilting his head. "See, he agrees with me!"

Kanaya sighs. "Let's get him back to his bed. I don't think he'd like to wake up on the street. Or, worse, being carried around by two of his friends like a doll."

You shrug.

"Sure, Kanaya, if you insist. Where's the-"

"You're about to bump into it. Don't worry, Terezi, I'll get him in on my own."

She grabs him with the second arm and flies up, to the open window of Karkat's tower.

GC: K4RK4T

GC: DO YOU KNOW WH4T H4PP3N3D ON PROSP1T Y3ST3RD4Y

CG: WHAT?

GC: TH3R3 W3R3 RUMORS TH4T TH3 KN1GHT WOK3 UP

GC: 3V3RYBODY W4S SO 3XC1T3D

CG: WAIT. I'M THE KNIGHT. AND I DO NOT REMEMBER WAKING UP IN THE BANANA-FLAVOURED BEDROOM.

GC: TH3Y 4LSO S41D TH4T H3 3NT3R3D TH3 ROY4L QU4RT3RS 4LONGS1D3 TWO OTH3R DR34M3RS TO S33K TH3 QU33N'S W1SDOM, 4LTHOUGH H3 W4S UNW3LL SO TH3Y H4D TO C4RRY H1M 1N

CG: WHAT.

GC: 1T W4S K4N4Y4'S 1D34 TO C4RRY YOU 1N

CG: WAIT, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

GC: OOPS N33D TO GO

GC: S33 YOU

GC: OR DON'T, 1 C4N'T S33

GC: BY3!!!

End.



sachariinne



scoobertdoobertlove

FLARP! Terezi Amigurumi

By [Mimmininnin@Tumblr](#)/[carousel.crafts@Insta](#)

Feel Free to send me questions, suggestions, or wip pics! :)

Hook Size: 4.5 mm

Yarn Size: 4

Colors: **Black**, **Gray**, **Red**, **Teal** and **Orange**

Other Supplies: Black, white and red embroidery floss, yarn/tapestry needle, Small Red buttons/beads, polyfill, stitch markers, wire (if you want poseability).



Arms

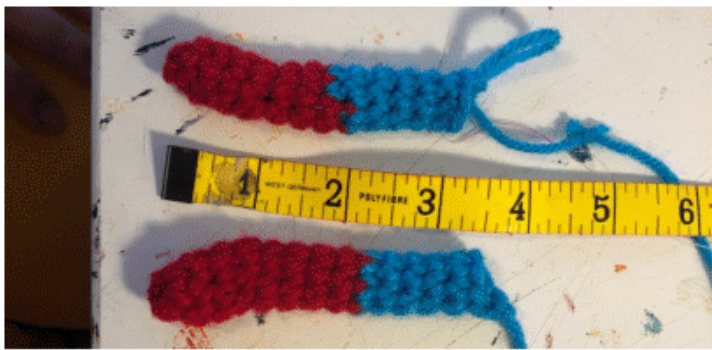
R1	On magic circle, 4sc	4	
R2	1sc 1scinc 1sc 1scinc	6	
R3	6sc	6	
R4	4sc 1sc2tog	5	
R5-7	5sc	5	
R8-10	5sc	5	

Legs

Make 2, fasten off the first leg with a small tail but keep the second on the working yarn.

R1	On magic ring, 5sc	5	R6-8	6sc	6
R2	1sc2inc 4sc	6	R9	2sc 4sc	6
R3	5sc 1sc2inc	7	R10-14	6sc	6

Mimmininnin

R4	4sc 1slst 2sc (make sure the is slst loose enough for the hook in the next row)	7	
R5	1sc2togc 5sc	6	

Head and Body

R1	1sc 1ch, 1sc on the other leg directly after the fasten-off, 5sc, 1sc on other leg next to first stitch, 5sc	13	Stop here to make the face. If you don't have suitable buttons, you can use red yarn/ embroidery floss for the eyes, as I did.		
R2-8	13sc	13	R12	6{1sc 1sc2tog}	15
R9	1sc on arm, next to fasten-off, with the fasten off facing forward, 4sc, 1sc next to last stitch of R8, 6sc, 1sc on second arn, next to fasten of, fasten-off facing back, 4sc, 1sc back onto body, 6sc	24	R13	5{1sc 1sc2tog} (add stuffing here)	10
			R14	Sc2tog until closed, leave tail	-
R10	3sc2tog 3sc 4sc2tog 3sc 1sc2tog	14	Separately, Make 2 horns, leaving a long tail at the end so you can sew them on. Start on a magic ring		
R11	1sc3tog 2sc2tog 1sc3tog 2sc2tog	6	R1-3	3sc	3
R12	4sc 1sc2tog	5			
R13	5sc	5			
R14	5scinc	10			
R15	2[1sc 4scinc]	18			
R16	3sc 13sc 2sc	18			
R17	5sc 10sc 3sc	18			
R18-19	6sc 9sc 3sc	18			
R20	8sc 5sc 5sc	18			

Mimmininnin

Clothes

Make 2, fasten off the first leg with a small tail but keep the second on the working yarn.

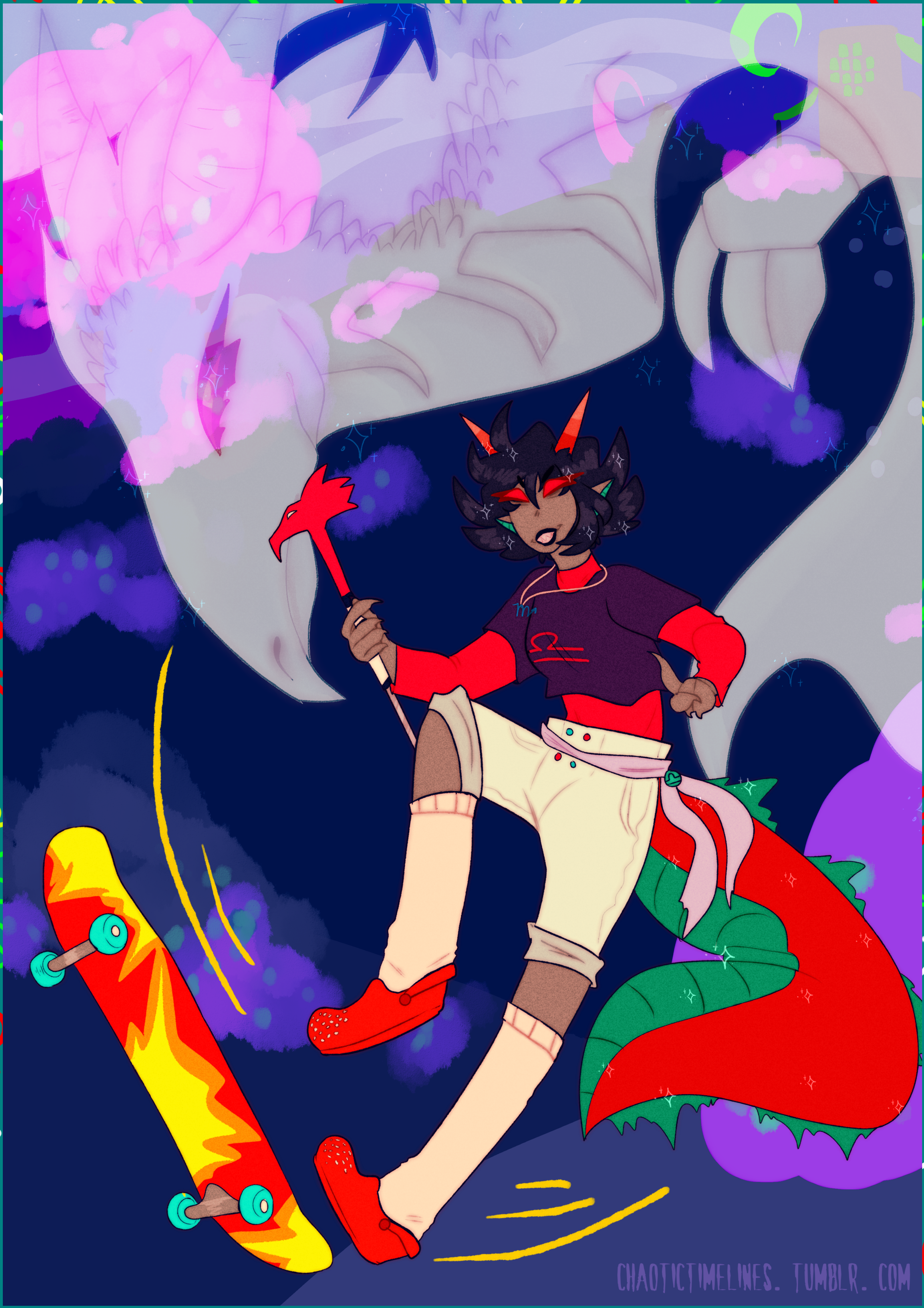
Skirt			R3-8	Ch1 4sc	4
R1	ch4	4	Top		
R2-9	1ch 4sc	4	R1	Ch15, 14sc ch1	14
R10	1ch 1scinc 2sc 1scinc ch10, slst in first st	6	R2	Ch1, sc2tog 13sc ch2	14
R11	1ch, 10sc in 10chsp, 6sc	16	R3	Ch1 ch15	15
R12	1sc2tog 6sc 1sc2tog 6sc, slst. Leave long tail so you can sew to body later.	-	R4	Ch1 2sc 3c3 skip 2 st, 6sc ch3 skip 2st 3sc	9
R1	Reconnect at bottom, 2 stitches away from front , sc6	6	R5	Put it on doll, 1sc on other side 1sc slst in ch3sp, 5sc slst in ch3sp, 2sc slst.	-
R2	Ch1, sc2tog, 2sc, sc2tog	4	Add embellishments		

Enjoy your Terezi!

SM3LL Y4 L4T3R! T4G M3 1F YOU POST WIPS! >>:]



Mimmininnin



CHAOTICTIMELINES. TUMBLR. COM

chaotictimelines







Viraseii







@geekyCalligrapher

Canittarius/GeekyCalligrapher



HONK

there's no

Place like home.

you don't need him.

it was gamzee you idiot!!







Godtier! Terezi Amigurumi

By [Mimmininnin@Tumblr](#)/[carousel.crafts@Insta](#)

Feel Free to send me questions, suggestions, or wip pics! :)

Hook Size: 4.5 mm

Yarn Size: 4

Colors: **Black**, **Gray**, **Maroon/Red**, **Light Green**, **Green**, **Dark Green**, **Teal** and **Orange**

Other Supplies: Black, red, and teal embroidery floss, yarn/tapestry needle, Small Red buttons/beads, polyfill, stitch markers, wire (if you want her to be poseable).



Arms

Make 2, fasten both off with a short tail.

R1	On magic circle, 4sc	4
R2	1sc 1scinc 1sc 1scinc	6
R3	6sc	6
R4	4sc 1sc2tog	5
R5-10	5sc	5



Legs

Make 2, fasten off the first leg with a small tail but keep the second on the working yarn.

R1	On magic ring, 5sc	5	R6-7	6sc	6
R2	1sc2inc 4sc	6	R8	2sc 4sc	6
R3	5sc 1sc2inc	7	R9-14	6sc	6
R4	4sc 1slst 2sc (make sure the is slst loose enough for the hook in the next row)	7			
R5	1sc2dec 5sc	6			

Mimmininnin

Body & Head

Working off the working yarn of the leg.

R1	1sc 1ch, 1sc on the other leg directly after the fasten-off, 5sc, 1sc on other leg next to first stitch, 5sc	13	Stope here to make the face. If you don't have suitable buttons, you can use red yarn/ embroidery floss for the eyes, as I did.	
R2-6	13sc	13	R12	6{1sc 1sc2tog}15
R7	10sc 3sc	13	R13	5{1sc 1sc2tog} (add stuffing here)10
R8	13sc	13	R14	Sc2tog until closed, leave tail-
R9	1sc on arm, next to fasten-off, with the fasten off facting forward, 4sc, 1sc next to last stitch of R8, 6sc, 1sc on second arn, next to fasten of, fasten-off facing back, 4sc, 1sc back onto body, 6sc	24	Separately, Make 2 horns, leaving a long tail at the end so you can sew them on. Start on a magic ring	
			R1-3	3sc3
R10	3sc2tog 3sc 4sc2tog 3sc 1sc2tog	14	For hair, sew on bangs first and then thread hair through.	
R11	1sc3tog 2sc2tog 1sc3tog 2sc2tog	6		
R12	4sc 1sc2tog	5		
R13	5sc	5		
R14	5scinc	10		
R15	2[1sc 4scinc]	18		
R16	3sc 13sc 2sc	18		
R17	5sc 10sc 3sc	18		
R18-19	6sc 9sc 3sc	18		
R20	8sc 5sc 5sc	18	Looks like she got fashion tips from Kankri! lol	

Mimmininnin

Robe

Please note that this ISN'T designed to be removable.

R1	ch4	4	Make 2 sleeves w/ tails at each end and attach to dress		
R2-9	1ch 4sc	4	R1	ch10	10
R10	1ch 1scinc 2sc 1scinc ch10, slst in first st	6	R2-3	Ch1 10sc	10
R11	1ch, 10sc in 10chsp, 6sc	16	R4	Ch1 sc2tog 6sc sc2tog	8
R12	1sc2tog 6sc 1sc2tog 6sc	14	R5	Ch1 sc2tog 4sc sc2tog	-
R13-17	14sc	14			
Pause here to make embellishments and put robe on doll. (I recommend putting her hair up)					
R18	Ch5 over arm, skipping 1 stitch 7sc, ch5 over ark skipping 1, 3sc	20			
R19	3Slstst into ch5sp, 5sc, 3sltst in ch5sp, 3sc, 1sltst. disconnect	-			
R1	Reconnect at bottom, 2 stitches away from front dress, sc6	6			
R2	Ch1, sc2tog, 2sc, sc2tog	4			
R3-9	Ch1 4sc	4			

Shoes

R1	On magic circle 6sc	6	R7	15ch, 1sc in last stitch on other side	10
R2	3 [1scin 1sc]	9			
R3	9sc	9			
R4-6	6sc. Ch1, turn your work	6			

Mimmininnin

Hood

R1	Ch26, sc25	25	R14	Ch1 sc4 sc3tog 4sc	-
R2	25sc	25	Sew the top edge together and pointed edge together, a little more than halfway closed		
R3	Ch1 11sc sc3tog 11sc	23			
R4	Ch1 10sc sc3tog 10sc	21	R1	21ch, 20sc, 1sc on first stitch.	20
R5	Ch1 9sc sc3tog 9sc	19	Sew this piece to the hood and to the body if perferred. 		
R6	Ch1 8sc sc3tog 8sc	17			
R7	Ch1 7sc sc3tog 7sc	15			
R8-9	Ch1 15sc	15			
R10	Ch1 6sc sc3tog 6sc	13			
R11	Ch1 13sc	13			
R12	Ch1 2sc 3ch skip2, 5sc 3ch skip2, 2sc	11			
R13	Ch1 sc2, 1sc in ch3sp, 5sc, 1sc in ch3sp, 2sc	11			

Wings

R1	Ch8, 7sc	7	R12	Sc3 sc3inc	6
R2	Ch1 sc3inc scinc, and turn	5	R13	Ch1 sinc sc2 sc2tog	6
R3-4	Ch1 5sc	5	R14	Ch1 sc2tog 4sc	5
R5	Ch1 sc2togc 2sc scinc	5	R15	Ch1 3sc sc2tog	4
R6	Ch1 scinc 2sc sc2tog	5	R16	Ch1 2sc2tog	2
R7	Ch1 sc2tog 2sc scinc	5	R17	Ch1 sc2tog	-
R8	Ch1 2sc sc2tog	3	Make 4 if you want poseability, 2 if normal		

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R8	Ch1 sc sc2tog	3
R9	Ch1 1sc sltst, ch1 turn 1sc	-
R10	(reconnect on bottom of first row) sc3inc 2sc sc2inc	7
R11	Ch1 2sc ch1 turn 2sc slst back to stitch five of R10	0

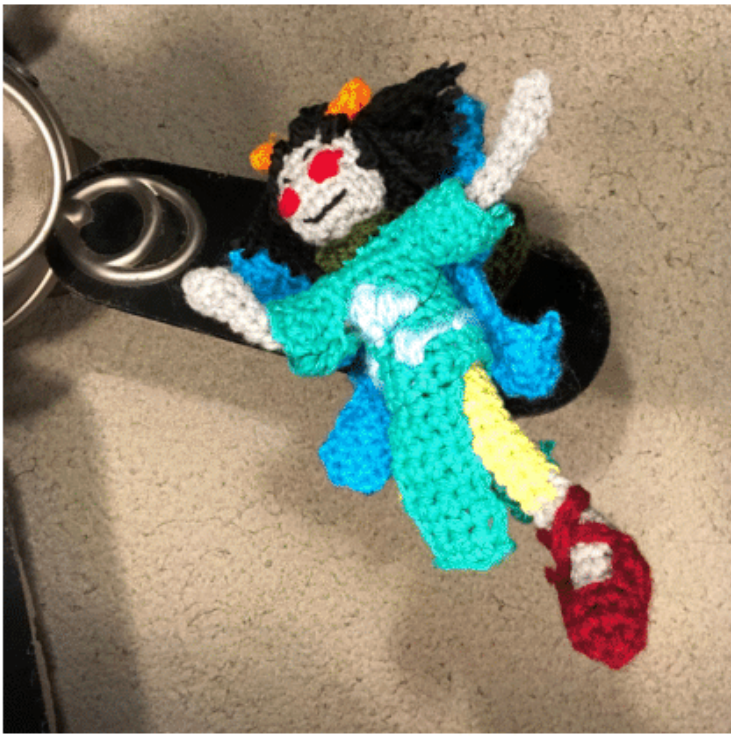


Enjoy Your Terezi!

SM3LL Y4 L4T3R!!! T4G M3 1F YOU POST W1PS!! >>:D



Behind the Scenes lol!



Mimmininnin







@viraseii

@_mage of space_







JSC

JerusalemStrayCat







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RESCUE

@squidcandy

squidcandy / snail7weet



QuinnB





siedlag.tumblr.com

siedlag



GAME OVER.



Conjux

conjux



Ratbabe 2019



Mimmininnin

Terezi Pyrope Amigurumi

By [Mimmininnin@Tumblr](#)/[carousel.crafts@Insta](#)

Feel Free to send me questions, suggestions, or wip pics! :)

Hook Size: 4.5 mm

Yarn Size: 4

Colors: Black, White, Gray, Red, Teal and Orange

Other Supplies: Black, red, and assorted embroidery floss, Small Red buttons/beads, polyfill, stitch markers, wire (if you want her to be poseable).

Clothes/Accessories: Designed to be removed



Arms

Make 2, fasten both off with a short tail.

R1	On magic circle, 4sc	4
R2	1sc 1scinc 1sc 1scinc	6
R3	6sc	6
R4	4sc 1sc2tog	5
R5-10	5sc	5



Legs

Make 2, fasten off the first leg with a small tail but keep the second on the working yarn.

R1	On magic ring, 5sc	5	R11	2sc 5sc	7
R2	1sc2inc 4sc	6	R12-14	7sc	7

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R3	5sc 1sc2inc	7
R4	4sc 1slst 2sc (make sure do the slst loose enough for the hook in the next row)	7
R5	1sc2dec 5sc	6
R6	6sc	6
R7	1sc 1sc2inc 4sc	7
R8-10	7sc	7

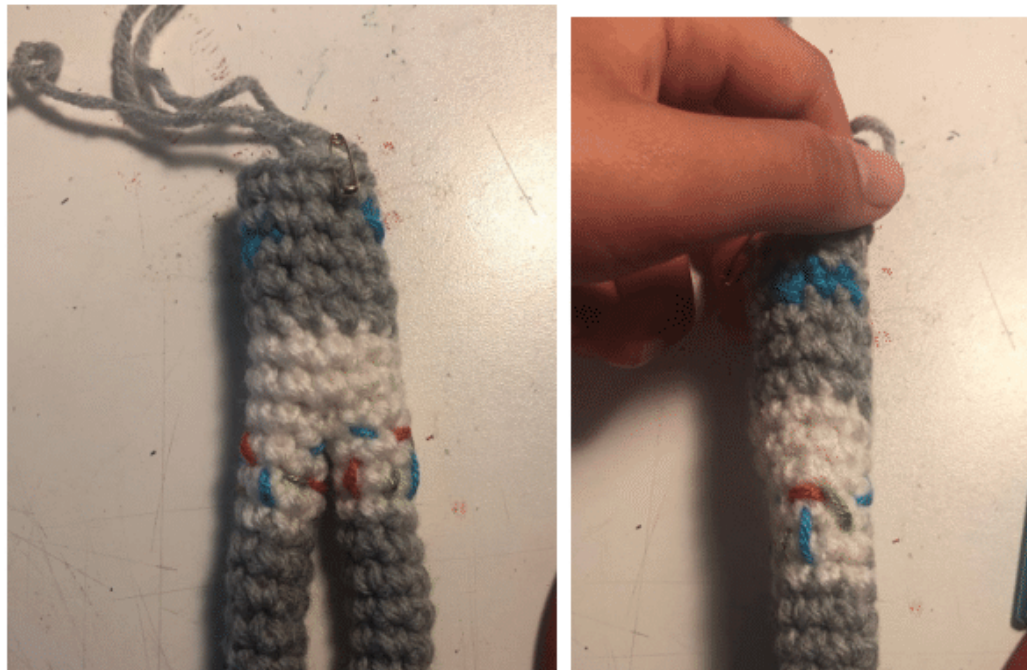


Note: I don't recommend putting the wire in yet. After the first row of the body, twist them together for her torso.

Here, you may want to start stitching the dragons on the whites of her boxers. I just did little dashes.

Body

This is built off the legs. The first single crochet should be the stitch directly after the fasten off.

R1	5sc, 1sc on the other leg, directly next to the first stitch, 5sc	11	R7	11sc	11
R2	11sc	11	R8	8sc, keep on working yarn	8
R3	6sc 5sc	11			
R4-5	11sc	11			
I decided to give her grub scars. This can be sewn on after or left out entirely. I made them in the base. It's all up to you > :)					
R6	2sc 3sc 2sc 3sc 1sc	11			

You can add more “dragons” on her boxers, but since the torso will be covered even for Faygo!Terezi, it's not really necessary.

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Head & Shoulders

R1	From the working yarn of the body, 1sc on the sitch after the fasten off on arm 1, 4sc on the arm, 1 sc2tog on body directly next to first sitch, 4sc, 1sc on arm2, 4sc, 1sc2tog, 3sc	19	For her hair, sew the bangs on with yarn, and thread/tie the yarn though the head for the rest of her hair.		
R2	1sc 3sc2tog 3sc 3sc2tog 3sc (put you wire in here)	13	Separately, make the horns and sew them on.		
R3	1sc3tog 2sc2tog 2sc3tog	5	R1-3	On magic circle, 3sc.	3
R4	5sc	5			
R5	5scinc	10			
R6	2[1sc 4scinc]	18			
R7	3sc 13sc 2sc	18			
R8	5sc 10sc 3sc	18			
R9-10	6sc 9sc 3sc	18			
R11	8sc 5sc 5sc	18			
Here I stopped to make the face. I don't have buttons so I just sewed it with red yarn and thread.					
R12	6{1sc 1sc2tog]	15			
R13	5{1sc 1sc2tog} (add stuffing here)	10			
R14	Sc2tog until closed, leave tail	-			

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Clothes/Accessories

You'll have to stitch on any decorations and closing clasps after making the main components.
Make sure to tie up loose ends too, unless, of course, you're Andrew Hussie.

Shirt			Pants		
R1	15ch	15	R1	14ch	14
R2-3	1ch 15sc	15	R2	2ch 14dc	14
R4	1ch 2sc 4ch, skip 3 stitches, 4sc 4 h, skip 3 stitches, 2 sc	8	R3	1ch 14sc, slst in first sc on other side	14
R5	1ch 3sc, 3sc in ch4sp, 3sc on row below, sc in first stitch in ch4sp, 5sc around.	6	R4	1ch, sc in same stitch, 5sc 4ch, sc in stitch next to starting stitch, 4ch, sc in stitch next to stitch before last ch4 7sc	14
R6	Disconnect and reconnect to other ch4sp, 1ch 3sc, 3sc on row below, 1sc on first sc, 5sc around.	6	R5	3sc in ch4sp, 7sc	10
Shoes (Make 2!)			R6-11	10sc, fasten off last row	-
R1	On magic circle 6sc	6	R12	Reconnect on first stitch of R4, 3sc in ch4sp, 7sc	10
R2	3 [1scin 1sc]	9	R13-18	10sc	-
R3	9sc	9	Scarf		
R4-6	6sc. Ch1, turn your work	6	R1	2ch	2
R7	4ch, 1sc in last stitch on other side	-	R2-30	2ch 2dc	2
Cape of Dragon Hood			Hood of Dragon Hood		
R1	20ch	20	R1	30ch	30
R2-5	2ch 20dc	20	R2	2ch 30dc	30
R6	2ch 1dc2tog 16dc 1dc2tog	18	R3	Ch2 5dc 5ch, skip 2 stitches, 6dc 2dc2tog 6dc 5ch, skip 2 stitch, 5dc	24

Mimmininnin

R7-8	2ch 18dc	18	R4	2ch 5dc, 2dc in hole, 4dc 2dc2tog 6dc 2dc in hole, 5dc	-
R9	2ch 1dc2tog 14sc 1dc2tog	16	Fasten off with long tail, sw the bent edge together, and bottom to cape. Decorate with buttons or eyes.		

Final Step:

Enjoy your Terezi! SM3LL Y4 L4T3R!! >>:)





@squadcandy

squidcandy / snail7weet





Listless Homecoming

tearezicryrope / acesparklegirl

Sometimes, it's funny how things pan out. Out minute you're pretty sure that everything is bound to work out, and the next, you're horn deep in space juice.

Well. Okay, there is no such thing as space juice, you completely made that up just now. Space juice isn't real, and apparently neither are happy endings, because you have yet to reach yours. Your name is Terezi Pyrope, and you are totally and utterly screwed.

Okay, maybe that's overreacting. Maybe. Because you aren't totally and utterly screwed if you've at least managed to scrounge up enough energy to drag your sorry ass back to Earth C. Earth C. What a sorry excuse for something that's supposed to be your new home, honestly. Nothing's as bright and colorful as it should be. Green grass and blue skies clash horribly with your memory of lush pink trees and lovely teal horizons. Sometimes you wish you could go back— but at the same time, you're well aware of how badly that would end. As much as you hate being so out of the loop, being your past self would probably be worse.

You scoff as your feet come in contact with the ground, and you feel yourself sway as you do so. Damn legs aren't used to gravity anymore, you suppose, but whatever. The walk to your destination should be enough to get accustomed again. Or, at least, it would be, if you had failed to land as close as you did.

The hive you're looking for turns out to be closer than you expected. By the time you reach it, your legs are still shaking, and you're positive that you have not walked in a straight line the entire way there. Getting to the front door is a relief, as you are able to lean into the building as you raise your fist to knock rhythmically against it. The solidity of the metal feels grounding under your knuckles, and you are pleasantly surprised when Karkat is the one to answer your knocking and pull the door open. You are significantly less surprised when he opens his mouth and the same old raspy voice comes out.

"Well, look who it fucking is, Terezi Pyrope, queen of absolutely all of god damn Paradox Space," he exclaims, and you feel the whoosh of air as he dramatically throws his hands upwards. You offer a tired smile in response. It's nothing like the energetic grin he's become so used to, and

you can tell just by the breath he takes in.

"Gee, Karkat," you muse sarcastically, offering him a roll of your eyes behind your pointy red glasses. Even those have seemed to wear out by now — you are pretty sure there's a solid crack along the left lens, but it doesn't matter. Really, all they're for is some sort of incredibly useless cool factor that quite literally does not matter for anything. Not anymore. Not that they ever did.

"It's nice to know that I get a nice greeting after my brief vacation. Really, it's amazing to know you haven't changed."

"Oh, wow, and here I thought I missed your bleeding sarcasm, Pyrope."

Despite the way that he tries to sound mad, you've known him for long enough to sense the concern in his voice, even if you weren't able to smell the way his expression has twisted uncomfortably. It's a look you're familiar with; it reminds you of times in the past you'd rather forget, but forgetting things as a Seer of Mind feels far from possible. But you'd like to try, so you force a sharp and toothy grin towards him and push off of the frame, seeming to wobble slightly as you advance towards him, letting a hand come out before you to steady yourself with a hand against his shoulder.

"Well, fuck, no need to be so rude," you mumble, snorting as you let out a laugh. It's a startled one this time— you weren't expecting to nearly fall horn-first into your best friend's chest. Can you still call him that? It's times like this that it dawns on you just how long you were gone, and the feeling that you get in your stomach doesn't feel... fair. It's like you can't wrap yourself around the pathetic feeling of poetic justice that, in all honesty, you probably would have done anything for a few sweeps ago. But forget that, right?

"And here I thought I missed your grumpy voice, Nubs." You did. You absolutely did, but he can probably tell by the way your hand hasn't left his shoulder until you make the comment. Before he can make any sort of snarky Karkat-type response, there's a southern drawl from behind him asking 'who the fuck is letting in all of the light', and none other than a knight in red-clad pajamas flash-steps beside him. You wish for a moment that you could properly see the look on his face when you hear him scoff, the sound of a foot scuffing against the floor jarring you back to reality.

"Well, holy fuck, if it ain't Terezi," Dave muses, going to nudge Karkat to the side. You hear the troll's subsequent grumble, and Dave somehow audibly rolls his eyes behind his shades.

"Welcome back, TZ. Are you just gonna make her stand here like a fucking idiot, 'Kat, or are you planning to let her in?"

"She'd be inside already if you didn't decide to be such a fucking douche about my manners, Dave," Karkat snaps back, baring blunt teeth back at him. All the while, you just stand there— much like Dave so expertly described it to be as 'a fucking idiot'. Really, you're impressed that his prose has remained the same this whole time. It dawns on you that both of them smell different. Even though Karkat's still shorter than Dave (not a terribly easy feat to beat, you think, attention turning to the way that he towers over you as well), he seems to have gotten sturdier. You could feel that in his shoulder as well— it's not just all in your unique form of sight. Your lips curl upwards in a small smirk before you roll back tired shoulders and look up towards Dave.

"Thanks," you offer stiffly, stepping into the hive as Dave and Karkat step back. It's comforting to know that they seem to be just as close as they were on the meteor— though, whether or not they've actually figured out their shit is a topic on which you're pretty confident the answer to is no. And that's something you can relate to. You're just relieved they haven't asked why you're alone.

"Now— if you two have a loungeplank around here, I'd love to be directed to it." You pitifully hold out a hand, as if you're truly, one hundred percent useless when it comes to leading yourself around, and the warm roughness of the hand that takes your own definitely belongs to Karkat, who is still remarkably quiet.

"Jesus, Pyrope," he mumbles, shaking his head as he leads you forward. You feel a rush of air as Dave flash-steps again, and you inhale sharply. The hive is still as dark as you recall them keeping it. Even though the Earth C sun doesn't hold the same danger that Alternia's sun harbored, it's oddly comforting that Karkat seems to lean towards the caution of avoiding it.

"You can't just stand here and act like you've never walked before. I know for a fact that you're all about butting into people's business, and I know you know how to sneak around like some sort of weird fucking cryptid teal. You can—" You cut him off with a kick to his shin, and you hear Dave laugh on the other side of you. If your hand wasn't being preoccupied, you'd cross your arms like a proper lawyer. But even that has grown exhausting.

"Karkat," you muse, looking over towards him with an exaggerated pout. "I have been quite literally flying through fucking space for the past— I don't fucking know how long. I'm not a Hero of Time. So if you're going to complain that I don't exactly have my land legs right now, I don't want to hear it."

As you stop talking, your leg comes in contact with a cushion, and you're being begrudgingly lowered into a seat. Relief almost immediately overcomes you, and you let out a satisfied sigh.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry," Karkat muses, and it dawns on you that he seems to be lowering his voice for once. There's weight beside you, and then another on the opposite side, and you feel Karkat's hand leave yours only for a cold glass to take its place. Your eyes go wide for a moment before you inhale, glancing over towards Dave.

"Water," is his response to your wordless question, and your shoulders rise defensively. He's right, but he doesn't have to be.

"Karkat motioned to the kitchen, you can thank him."

"Oh— fuck so far off, Strider," Karkat spits back, and you feel the couch shift as he pulls his legs up with him.

"I just figured she'd be thirsty." And he's right. You are. You lift the glass to your lips and let yourself have a sip, and it's not until you're swallowing it that you realize just how badly you needed this. The glass is empty within seconds, and as it would be expected, Karkat's silence speaks volumes. Dave offers to fill it up for you, but before he can take it from your hands, Karkat's reaching over for it and sliding off the couch.

"I got it," he says quickly, and before you can respond, he's gone. Sweeps ago, you could keep up with his speed, but after spending such a long time alone and desperately searching for something— no, someone— that was long gone, you're too caught up in your own head to focus on being good at quipping back at him like you used to. It's a reminder of your separation, and you sink back into the couch like an injured barkbeast.

Apparently it's enough to alert Dave, because you hear a faint snap, and it's followed by the feeling of his cape draping down over your shoulders, the button gently getting snapped back together round your neck. Your attention turns to him, eyebrows furrowed in confusion by the gesture.

"He's been worried about you," is all he says to your quizzical expression, and your shoulders relax beneath the cape. "We all have been. It's really great to see you again, Terezi, we missed you."

The comment is completed with a gentle nudge, and your stomach twists.

"Well," you try, mulling your thoughts over for a moment. "It's not like I was trying to hide from any of you. You just didn't—" You want to argue that they didn't message you, but they did. You're well aware of dozens of messages that you marked as read despite the fact that they had not been.

They were too much of a reminder that you had people who did care about you— people who were there for you, and weren't missing, weren't gone, weren't impossible to find.

The thought creases your brow, and you let your shoulders relax.

"...It's been hard," you finally admit, teeth worrying at your lower lip. It's an admission that you never wanted to have, but as soon as you say it, you feel lighter. You let your hands come up to hold onto the cape, and you sigh, going to lean half-assedly into Dave's side. The other side of the couch tips down as you do, and you feel Karkat's hand come to your shoulder, the sound of ice clinking against glass in his other. It's a touch that says he understands, and he just sighs before he speaks.

"Welcome home, Terezi."

It's the first time that you've heard the word 'home' and actually felt okay with it.

End.

RAD!!!





Snazzyhopper





Quarvixx







Applaud.

MA GE OFSPACE

Smells like Living

shidreamin

Derse feels different, tonight.

It's the wind, curling the loose strands of hair, invisible fingers scratching at her scalp. Terezi breaths out a purple tinted block of smoke. It smells of bitter oil, dense. It stinks of stars.

She's never noticed it before.

Derse is purple. She knows this, knows it well after years of waking in purple walls, purple ceilings. Purple curtains, purple drapes, purple water sweeping the streets when it overflows from the purple canals. Terezi can close her eyes and see Derse, see it truly, see the purple hues that map the world and cradle them in its brick walls, its winds, its sun.

She opens her eyes, and sees nothing.

"Ah."

If she thinks, she can envision the hazy clouds in the sky, cut into pieces by the long chain connecting Derse to its moon. She knows it's purple, like everything else, but it's funny. Strange.

Thinking now, she can't help but think it'd look better gold.

She can see in her dreams, kind of. Words bring up colors. Scents bring up colors. Touch brings up colors.

She thinks she can taste them, if she tries hard enough. Terezi wonders if Vriska is pleased. Happy with herself, giddy with joy. Flushed blue, dark, yellow eye dotted with black. Terezi smells melted wax and burnt rope, tastes seaweed and saltwater and feels hair. Long hair. Wavy, tangled, slightly oily under her fingers when Vriska calmed down enough to let her weave her hands through.

In Derse, Terezi's hands clench around nothing but purple air. Purple.

It tastes like acid. Oil. Poison to the system. It must be brick under her fingertips, coarse, awkwardly bumpy along the edges. She sniffs it. Stinky. She licks it.

Gamzee.

The rainbow of colors washes over her senses, bold and bright and menacing in its blind joy, and Terezi smells iron and fur and wood chopped to pieces. She blinks through the darkness, peers into the light, and remembers that she can see nothing at all.

She does not remember when she opened her eyes.

Derse is not a place Terezi knows well, and yet she does. It is as though she's spent her life in this planet, wandering, searching, unsteady feet leading her tired soul to a new place of rest. She thinks her lusus knew this. She thinks her lusus always knew this was bound to happen.

Sight and life are not one and the same. Not for dragons.

Not for Terezi; not anymore. Life is cautious, telling, the sound of her footsteps on purple bricks uphill, the slant of the road causing her to sweat slightly. In a dream she can float, fly away, but the stability, the knowledge, of the rough ground against her feet is a reminder. She steps on a crooked brick, tilted up in an uneven pattern, and swallows down the desire to smell, to lick, to place herself better in her surroundings.

Derse is Derse is Derse. She knows this.

Oh.

She knows this.

The wind rustles her hair, driving cold spikes into her skin despite the soft pajamas protecting her. Terezi shivers, slowing in her ascent, careful as she ducks behind a familiar tower. The stairs that lead to her bedchamber seem long, short, and she finds herself caressing the pole alongside, noticing the ridges, the holes. Once she would have thought them smooth, a singular cylinder crafted from purple. Now she knows that the second flight is heavier, wider, though smoother under her grip. The third flight smells of berries. The fourth, oddly, like pineapple, and she licks it only to discover the taste is still of wood and paint.

It is a strange excitement that takes Terezi when she draws patterns into the black walls, closing in on the door connected to her dream's bed chamber. It is funny, strange, for her to dream in her dream, an odd paradox she had never considered before. The wooden door creaks high, stiff, under her hands, and she runs her fingers along the wood as well. She thinks it would be brown if it didn't stink so. She traces the shape of the door slow, letting it slide shut, and discovering that hers is crooked, the top right loose enough to fit two fingers through.

Familiar exhaustion, so strikingly familiar of Derse, settles onto her shoulders, and a yawn overtakes her. Terezi scrunches her nose, irritated, the smell of her breath lingering unpleasantly. She should sleep, or wake; they are one and same.

Without sight, but with mind. Without Vriska, but not alone. The bed sags

heavy until her body, warm from her walk, cold from the chill of the window peering in to her dreams. The moon, the sun, the stars shine overhead, bright, coaxing her open eyes to see.

Terezi awakes to shadows. Blackness, ink, darker than the purple hued Derse sky. She hears the tremors of her lusus, the shrill whistle of wind dodging branches, lifting leaves. She smells the birth of flowers, swaying in their spread of pollen, the dense spores catching the breeze calling itself home. The world shakes when she rises, one steady foot before the other, the tickle of grass against her ankles, the cool of air on her back, warmth lay on the ground below her. She kicks a stray crayon, hears it titter as it bounces, and picks it up. Revels in its smoothness. Gives it a kiss.

Cherry red.

Vriska was not wrong. Terezi cannot fathom a path that would return her sight, the new sensation of taking in a view from a dragon's back, eyes pursuing rainbows of color in the horizon. No longer able to see the greens and blues of water from aboard a ship, squeezing her eyes shut when her vision blurred by water dripping in. Vriska was not wrong.

And yet, as Terezi finds herself drowsy, better content in the warmth of her blankets than the cold breeze rustling the band of her shirt, she cannot find that she minds.

The world is alive around her still.

End.



matchadoobles

matchadoobles





H4LL3L0J4H

h4ll3luj4h



sachariinne



Quarvixx





BITWARD



debonairMalchick



S E E R O F M I N D









neophyte-redglare / mothergrub

Lonely Troll

xElinielx

"1'M B4CK!"

Terezi flashes a wide, toothy grin and runs over to the huge dragon egg balancing on one of the large scales as fast as her sweep old legs can carry her. She's balancing several colorful boxes of chalk in an unsteady pile on top of a thick book on Alternian law in her arms, barely able to see over the top of the pile.

"DO YOU W4NT TO H34R WH4T 1 D1D TOD4Y?" she asks the unmoving teal egg, setting down the law book and chalk on the ground. She rubs the small red band-aid on her nose with her right hand and rambles to her unhatched lusus about her latest trial.

"SO HON3YTONGU3 TR13D TO FR4M3 PYR4LSPR1T3 FOR TH3 MURD3R OF B3RRYBR34TH! SHOCK3R R1GHT?"

Terezi waves her arms so excitedly that she almost loses her footing.

"OH 1 KNOW! 1'LL DR4W 1T FOR YOU!"

She sits down on her knees, mismatched crocs bending around her feet, and grabs one of the boxes with chalk. Terezi yanks it open and bites down on the red one immediately. The tastiest piece can't be used for drawing. That's blasphemy. It tastes so much better when you don't have to lick it off the walls.

"HON3YTONGU3 1S GO1NG TO B3 3X3CUT3D L4T3R. 1 THOUGHT TH4T YOU WOULD L1K3 TO S33 THAT, SO 1 BROUGHT TH3 MURD3R3R W1TH M3."

She points at the other scale where an orange scalemate is wrapped in several ropes squeezed so tightly that it's a miracle that the seams aren't ripping and spilling stuffing everywhere.

"1T T4K3S FOR3V3R FOR YOU TO H4TCH, SO 1 THOUGHT YOU M1GHT

W4NT SOM3 3NT3RT41NM3NT."

Terezi tries to smile again, but it doesn't quite reach her eyes. Truth is, she misses her lusus. A lusus is supposed to take care of the young trolls and raise them, right? Then why hasn't hers hatched yet? Why is she on her own?

Terezi shakes the thoughts from her head and steps onto the law-book - using it as a step-ladder to reach the edge of the scale and pull herself up. Eagerly, she grabs three crayons from the box: an orange for Honeytongue, a light blue for Berrybreath, and a white for PyralSprite. Smile returning, she starts to draw the crime scene: Berrybreath lying down in a pool of his own blood, a knife pierced through his torso.

"SO, WH3N B3RRYBR34TH'S 4SS1ST4NT C4M3 1NT0 H1S OFF1C3 1N TH3 MORN1NG TO G1VE H1M BR34KF4ST, SH3 FOUND H1M L1K3 TH1S: V3RY D34D." Terezi draws a horrified scalemate dropping grubsauce all over the expensive rug in Berrybreath's office. "DOCTOR HON3YTONGU3, TH3 F1LTHY TR41TOR, W4S TH3 F1RST TO ARR1V3. S1NCE 1NSP3CTOR BERRYBR34TH W4S MURD3R3D, TH3 FOR3NC1CS T34M NOW L4CK3D 4N 1NSP3CTOR. TH1S W4S 4LL P4RT OF HON3YTONGU3'S PL4N."

Terezi runs around the egg, covering it in drawings as she retells the crime and her trial. She gets a bit off track and scratches a drawing of her friend in the middle of the trial, mismatched horns bending in shapes that aren't quite realistic. You can't expect a sweep-year-old troll with some chalk to paint like troll Leonardo Da Vinci.

"- AND SO, W3 F1GUR3D OUT TH4T HON3YTONGU3 W4S TH3 MURD3R3R. H1S HONOR4BL3 TYR4NNY S3NT3NC3D H1M TO D34TH BY H4NG1NG!"

Terezi finishes and lets out a loud whoop, tossing the chalk into the air without looking back as the pieces shatter against the ground. With quick movements, she scrambles onto the other scale, grabbing the prosecuted scalemate by the neck.

"1T'S NOT F41R TH4T ONLY 1 G3T TO S33 TH3 H4NG1NG BOD13S 1N TH3 TR33, SO 1'M 3X3CUT1NG HON3YTONGU3 H3R3 SO YOU C4N S33 ON3 TOO!"

Terezi beams and wraps another rope around Honeytongue's neck. She hasn't learned how to tie a noose yet. For some reason, the book on Alternian law doesn't explain how to tie one, but Terezi knows that several tight knots work just as well. The scalemates can't claw off the rope no matter how sloppily it's tied since they lack arms.

With a huge grin showing all of her pointy teeth, Terezi finishes attaching the rope to the scale. With no hesitation, she kicks the scalemate off the scale, giggling as she imagines it struggling for air.

"TH3 3X3CUT10N 1S 3X3CUT3D!" She exclaims, stretching both her arms into the air victoriously.

As soon as the excitement of the trial's verdict dies down, Terezi feels just how exhausted she is. She climbs back down to the egg, curling up into a small ball. She mutters something about being too tired to read her *lusus* a bedtime story before closing her eyes, hoping that when she opens them, her *lusus* will break out of her egg.

When Terezi's eyes open again, she's staring into the vast, empty void of space. Unhindered, a few teal tears fall down her cheeks before she notices that she's crying. Terezi feels so small all of a sudden. So insignificant. After all, she's just a lonely troll in space, looking for her friend, hoping beyond hope that she is still alive there somewhere...

End.



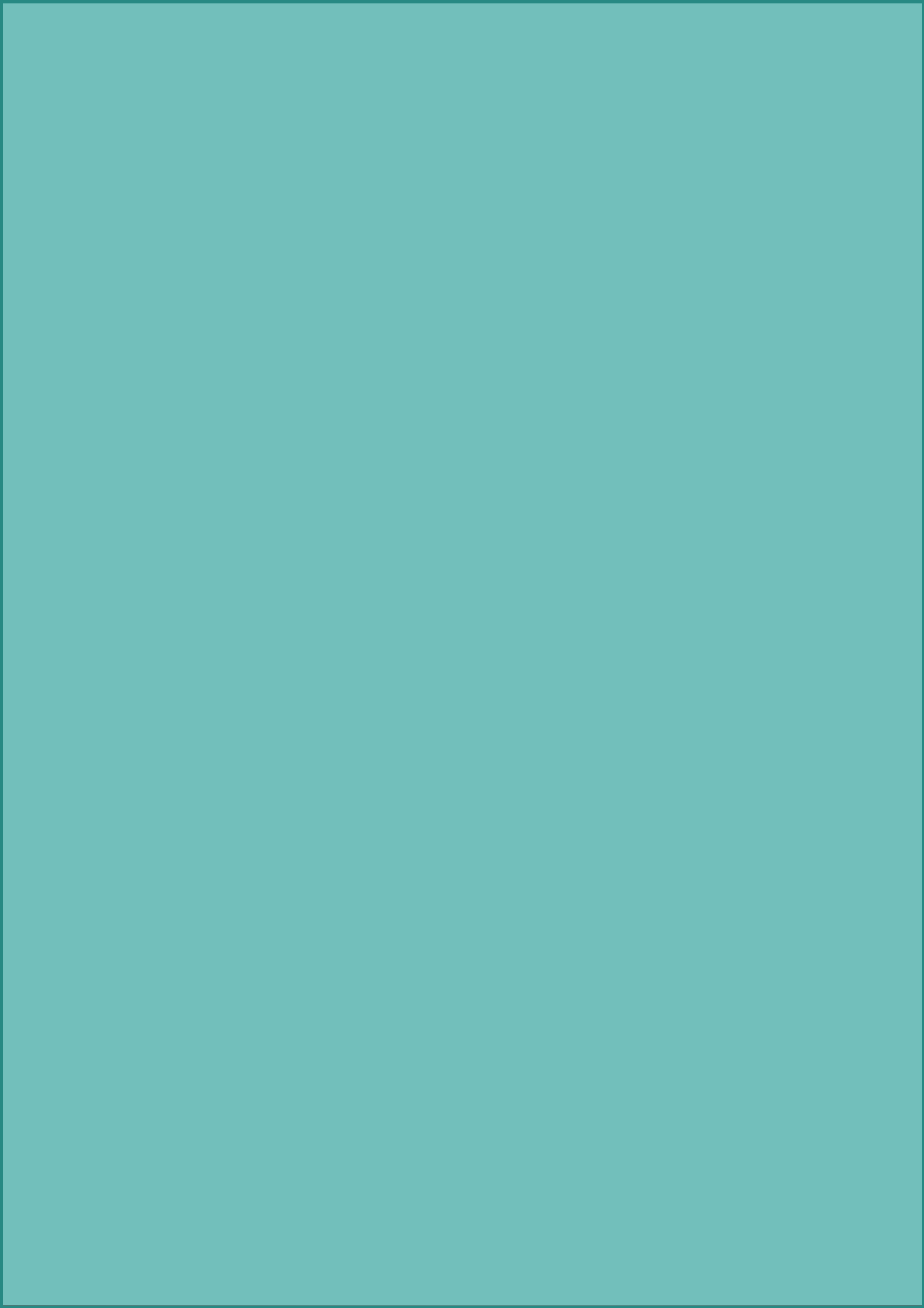
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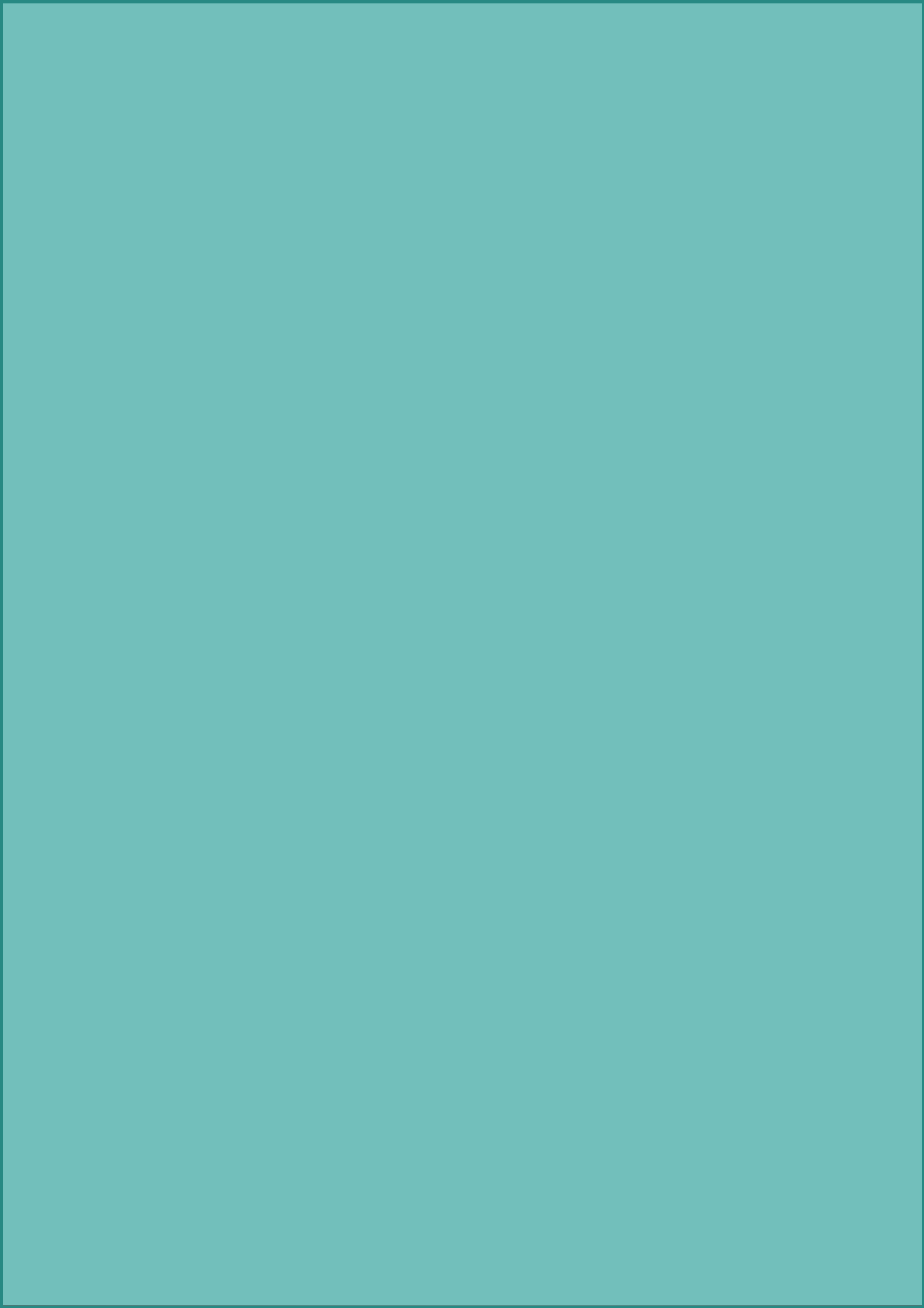
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